

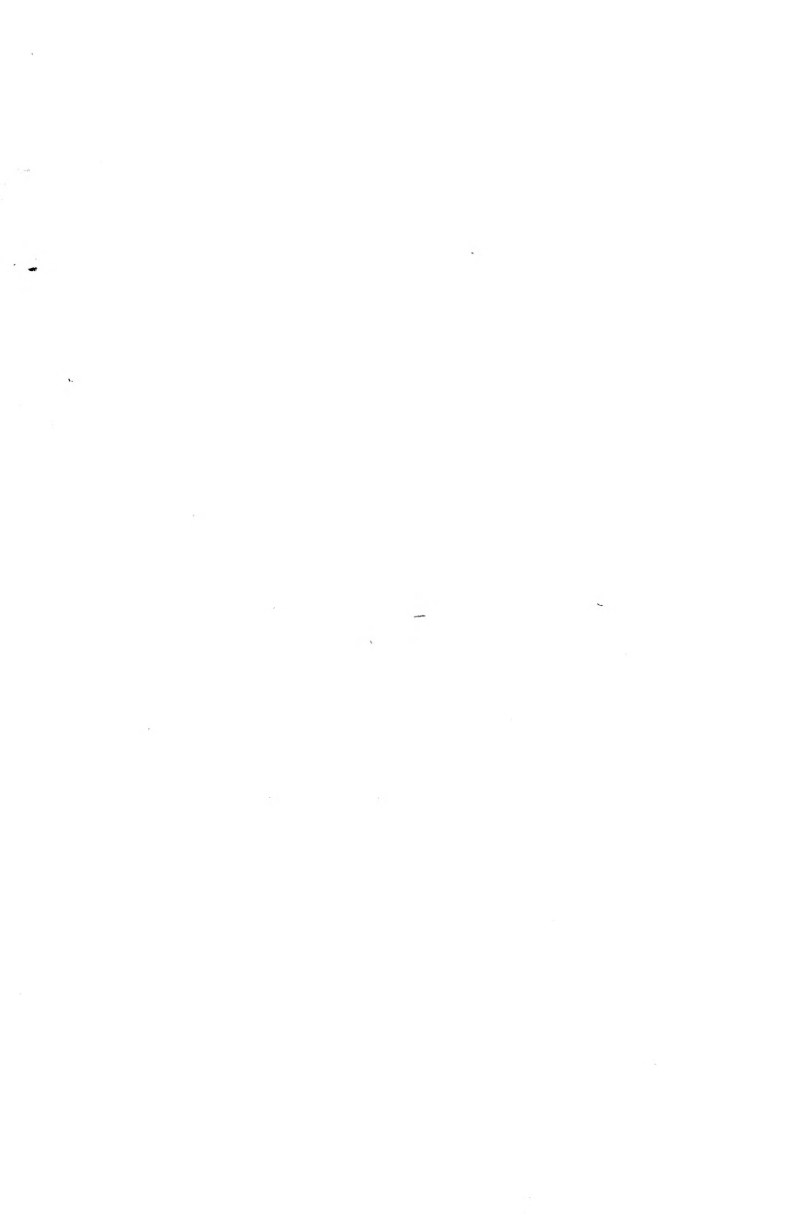
The Old Mansion
and Other Poems

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THE OLD MANSION ♣ ♣
♣ ♣ AND OTHER POEMS

♣ ♣ ♣ BY ♣ ♣ ♣
MRS. SOPHIA GRAVES FOXWORTH



BUFFALO ♣ THE PETER PAUL BOOK
COMPANY ♣ 420 MAIN STREET ♣ 1896

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.. BY ..
MRS. SOPHIA GRAVES FOXWORTH.

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THE PETER PAUL BOOK COMPANY,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

TO
MY DAUGHTERS,
NANNIE, OIZELLA AND BELLE
THIS BOOK
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

*Like fledglings seeking freer skies,
Sweet tender thoughts will yearning rise,—
Too weak, some feebly flutt'ring fall,
While others, stronger, bouyant soar ;
In genial climes live evermore.
Then blame us not if we offend—
We cannot keep what oft we send
Upon the world its fate to meet,
A bitter death or life more sweet.*

VOICES OF THE SOUTH.

AND now from warmer skies of June
The season circles round
To mild October's cooler noon
And glees of sweeter sound.

The cotton-picker's cheerful song
Is borne upon the breeze
As he his burden bears along
To rest beneath the trees.

We hear the whistling farmer boy
A-hauling in the corn,
His manly heart is full of joy,
That rich nor great may scorn.

And children's voices, too, we hear.
A-hunting in the wood,
To catch the nuts a-falling near,
They run in merry mood.

Along the fence-row, passing near
Some boy or gray-haired sire,
The partridge, now, in coveys whir
When startled from the brier.

The goldenrod yet proudly sways
In all the hedges round,
And saucily with frost-king plays
That comes a monarch crowned.

And still in garden beds doth bloom
The pretty autumn flowers,
The zinnias bright and prince's plume
That well might grace the summer's bowers.

The mockbird doth no sweeter trill
When sweet June roses blow,
Nor crickets chirrup on the hill
When summer's sun's aglow.

Of all—the sweetest, noblest song—
That weary heart doth cheer
Is, aid the right suppress the wrong
That rings out strong and clear.

SOLITUDE.

I LOVE the still, secluded wood
Where violets peep from moss and mold,
I love the wood where none intrude
To break the sweet, deep solitude.
'Tis here my spirit's sweet commune
To songs of praise my lips attune.
Here must I feel God's presence nigh,
'Tis here that sordid wishes die.

Of earth's vain show, no phantom false
My eye surveys. Here all is true—
Each shining leaf a volume speaks
Of truth some soul in secret seeks.
As fresh as those that saw the light
First dawn upon primeval night,
These witnesses that sing His praise,
And their divinest worship raise.

Than Nature's harp none sweeter lulls,
While list'ning to her melodies
My cares remove, my troubles thin,
And drinking fragrant freshness in
Delights, but leaves no feverish glow ;
More vig'rous purpose doth bestow.
Then be this wood thy sacred shrine
Thy sweet retreat—O soul of mine.

Why should I boast of meaner joys
Whose thrills ecstatic, leave a pain,
While pristine glories here entwine
To please and yet the mind refine.
A sweeter rest this moss-grown stone
Than oft a monarch's gilded throne.
Then why these milder joys decline
That breathe of peace and love divine.

Yet in the busy world's turmoil
To me a message oft is borne,
'Tis gently borne on faith's bright wings,
And sweetest peace to me it brings,
'Tis oft in times of deep distress,
While thoughtless crowds around me press.
It speaks, oh, softer than a sigh—
"Be not afraid—I'm ever nigh."

TO DEITY.

O THOU Eternal Uncreate!
Who can Thy mysteries penetrate?
Thy source, Thyself, Thou Great First Cause,
Who naught doth know but Nature's laws,
The thought doth fill with trembling awe.
Thy being no beginning knows—
No time nor day doth mark its close.
Thou art the great I Am.

Thy empire mind, a boundless realm—
To Thee no past, no future comes ;
To Thee, all things doth present stand,
First pulse of life ; last ebbing sand.
Exponent of Thy thought, the glowing
Firmaments praise Thy wondrous skill
As in smooth and easy motion
The rolling spheres their circles fill.

Through space Thy sovereignty doth rule !
Warring elements that boistrous shake
The earth whose fabric from its base
Doth quake—Thy voice their rage doth cool.
In all form, from heaven's unscaled height,
To all depth, Thy essence doth pervade,
All life, inflowing of Thyself,
Doth pulse and throb instinct with Thee !

And Thou so near and yet so far,
The sin-dimmed vision of the soul
Too weak this veil of flesh to pierce
That from Thee doth Thy creatures bar.
But oh, in blessed hope we live
That what we've lost one day Thou'lt give ;
To us Thy image will restore ;
Then freed from sin forever more
E'en as at first when man was pure,
With Thee our God shall sweet commune.

A WINTER MORN REVERIE.

THIS rimey morn how calm, how cold, the world
doth seem ;
In hoary sheen, dead weeds and grasses now doth
gleam—
To creatures' tread the frozen earth metallic rings ;
In frosted fret-work seen, are wreaths and fairy
things—
With folded wing, and mute, a mockbird sits
alone
Upon a rose tree's branch that from its stem is torn
The last rose that breathed of summer's sweeter
morn ;
Sits like some widow lone, who sees her joys are
gone—
Her spirit's happy bourn ; her hope, her only
one—
While flocking from the plum trees in the orchard
bare,
The little sparrows chirp, " We ate our breakfast
there."

The leaves that blushed at autumn's breath, now,
shriveled lie
Together mold'ring, bound by winter's icy tie.
What life-reviving, vernal morn shall bid them rise
Up from their lowly beds in some more glorious
guise ?

There lies within some hope that potent springs
from death,
That yet majestic crowned, in flower or sheaf will
glow.
To us this germ immortal clings. By faith we
know
Of what shall be ; for none hath seen save Him
who saith,
“ No more of fears, no more of sorrow’s tears or
death,
For in my Father’s house are many mansions fair—
I go a place for them that love Me to prepare.”

Now high above the fiery battlement of day,
The sun with fervid kiss doth chase the frosts
away—
Along the hills, now murmurs soft as lovers’ sighs
Seem nearer, clearer as the gentle breezes rise—
And things, so late, that seeming lay in death’s
embrace,
Now stir and move, and, now, on life new lease
begin.
In ceaseless motion, here and there, and out and
in,
Or keep in line of march, with never-flagging pace,
To mart or meed their race, to some accustomed
place.
Thus life in great or small, keeps one continuous
round
Always doing ; hoping to be with blessing crowned.

THE MYSTIC LIFE.

THE strangest thing to man is man himself.
That man knows not himself is passing
strange !

The soul, whose spark ethereal ever burns,
Medium intangible, of good or ill,
Communicates with adverse worlds opposed ;
Unfettered, roams interminable space,
A measurer of woe or joy as well.
And still within its clayey mansion dwells,
And loves, and hates, rejoices, grieves, and hopes.
Mysterious sympathy which binds the soul
To soul congenial, like antipodal
Magnets, which turn to their affinities,
And find in counterpart a life complete.
A language stronger felt than lips express,
On mystic currents borne, soul speaks to soul,
Then warms, expands the flow of rarer wealth,
And gold for gold each to the other gives—
Spirit with clay in closest union blent,
Who can the line of separation mark ?
What knowledge can this mystic life define ?
When weeps the one the other moans and sighs ;
When strong and buoyant soars, the other sings.
How changed its loveliness ! lost every charm !
When to the Fount of Life the soul reflows,
The Life that graced this earthly tenement ;
But sacred dust ! 'twas soul's embodiment.

PRISONED LIFE.

WHEN spring, sweet merry sprite is near,
Stern winter hies through very fear—
Her silv'ry wand doth touch the snow,
It melts. The ice-bound rivers flow.
The silent plain, the sleeping vale,
Her spicy breath upon the gale
Warns unto life and bloom again—
From out the hedge or brier creeps
The speckled snake that torpid sleeps
Till leaf and spray adorn the bowers
That naked stood thro' winter hours.
Among the green and tender leaves
His subtle web, the spider weaves
And skillful throws the silken net
On some unwary victim set.

Orchard trees their wealth revealing,
Busy bees their sweets are stealing ;
All day with unremitting toil
They fill their homes with richest spoil—
Upon her flowery lap at even
The pale light falls from gems of heaven,
While plaintive notes from whip-poor-will
The heart with sweet sad memories fill.
The mockbird wakes the early morn
And softly trills in bush or thorn
His love-impassioned lay to one
That patient waits, and trusts to none
The little nest that's just begun.

The, now, emancipated serf,
With merry whistle, turns the turf—
In furrows fresh, he drops the corn ;
In genial dews, the blade is born.

While all with life and beauty teem,
And bask in nature's cheering beam,
Thy icy fetters, prisoned soul,
What warmth can thaw ? what power break ?
Enchained in blackness of despair,
What ray can penetrate thy gloom ?
In vain, no voice spring wakes in thee,
To utter in responsive strain
The song of birds or flowing stream ;
No ripple of the spicy breeze
Can stir thy frozen currents sealed.
No sound save ravings mad within ;
No light except a lurid glare
That wildly gleams in maniac stare—
Conglomerate sorrows on thee rest,
And press the life from out thy breast.

* * * * *

Ah, there is One hath power to save,
E'en He who stilled the stormy wave—
His precious love gives full release,
He heals our wounds and dries our tears—
His presence drives away our gloom
And winter's chill or summer's bloom
Alike our souls with music fills.

IN WINTER.

IN peaceful sleep lies mother Earth,
Her children now have ceased their mirth,
The birds' entrancing music fails ;
No busy hum the ear regales—
Among the rocks and hills and dales
Unwonted silence now prevails.
Above her covering brown and sear,
The low-hung clouds look cold and drear,
And dimly burns the yellow ray
That faintly gilds the banks of gray.
Like sent'nels stand the gloomy pines ;
Their proud crests rise in wavy lines.
Weird music make these dark-plumed pines ;
Their deep-toned bass the ear refines,
To me a solemn measure winds,
That stirs my soul, and wondrous binds
Me while they sing, now low and clear,
Sad requiems for the dying year.
In vain we seek for summer's gold
In bleak December's sleet and cold,
Yet greet us still the murm'ring rills
That flow adown the wooded hills—
Their sloping borders fringed with green
Remind us of sweet summer's scene.

There are dear friends I call to mind
That like these rills continue kind—
In winter's cold, in winter's dearth,

I know and feel their real worth—
On pleasure's lawn, in sorrow's vale,
Their faithful love doth never fail.

THE MOCKINGBIRD.

I N sober gray his figure trim,
Is saucy mockbird sitting prim,
His musicale to begin,
With none to aid, not e'en the wren.
Of Southern songsters sweetest,
A mimic, too, completest,
In notes he warbles ofttest,
Begins his solo softest.
He spreads his feathers, shakes his head,
Then mimics blackbird and the red—
As his music then advances,
Me, he almost then entrances
A-singing songs without the words,
A-mocking all the other birds—
His artful imitation
Precludes all limitation.
The partridge whistles at his will,
The pewit's chirp preludes his trill,
And blends with songs which deftly fill
A whole orchestra most unique,
That any amateur would seek.
But then he is the dearest
On moonlight nights when nearest,
He's cozy perched among the vines,
A-singing songs without the lines.

EVENING.

I WALKED in twilight's stilly hour
When Nature sits with folded hands.
I looked on shadowy tree and tower,
On gurgling fount and golden sands
And mossy rocks green and gray,
And tangled wreaths the ivy bound
And creeping kept its clambering way
And every crag and crevice found.

And from the vaulted blue above,
The crescent moon then pendent swung.
Like glances first of early love
The stars their light in dalliance flung
Upon the gentle primrose pale
That lately from the earth had sprung,
To leave the sweetness in the vale
That once around its petals clung.

The katy-dids from sleep awoke,
Their nightly chorus then begun,
And all the solemn stillness broke,
That reigned supreme since set of sun.
And swift from some deep valley's shade,
The whip-poor-will now winged its flight,
With plaintive notes, it vocal made
The lonely hours till morning light.

'Tis in sweet Nature's calmer mood
That mere existence is delight,
Like some sweet maid in lovely snood
She moves upon a tranquil night ;
O'er mountain top, through wooded glen,
And casts a beauty all serene
O'er woodland wilds, and haunts of men.

O'er all the world her scepter sweeps,
And captive led by her sweet will,
The day-inspired action sleeps ;
And cares her wondrous powers still.
O blissful rest ! this magic thrall,
That strength renews for wasting noon
Whose toils begin with morning call,
And only cease when comes this boon.

WOODLAND PLEASURES.

IN gray cathedral's fretted domes,
May anthems swell of loudest praise,
And glitt'ring on their gilded spires,
The sunbeams gleam in lambent fires.
Yet sight nor sound of city's pride,
Me from these pleasures here divide ;
These gnarlèd roots, fantastic seat,
And purling brook with music sweet,
And carpet spread of mossy fold,
In rich mosaic green and gold—
And pitcher plants that sit upright,
And brilliant butterflies invite
To rest their wings of changeful hue,
And sip their fill of nectar dew.
Here wild bee scents the fragrant rose
That all untrained luxuriant grows ;
And fans me here the feathery fern
More beauteous than in richest urn.

Here close to Nature, kindest nurse,
We feel the genial glow of health,
Supplied by airs that purer blow,
The crimson current's steady flow ;
Cooled by her breath, the fevered brain
Its wonted vigor doth regain.
From wooded dells sweet sounds arise
When Eos wakes and 'lumes the skies

Whose cloudless blue sets me a dream
Of peaceful joys and calm supreme.
Oft breaks the stillness of the morn,
The hunter's merry winding horn.
He keeps the chase the livelong day
Nor from his fellows takes his way
Till tinkling bells tell of the hour
When restful sleeps the woodland bower,
And homeward turned, the browsing kine
Move slowly on in broken line.

No courtesies are paid by rule ;
No blandishments, but to deceive.
Here Liberty sits all enthroned,
The freedom of her court untuned
To Fashion's arbitrary laws,
That men condemn for petty flaws.
They pleasure take in rightful use
Nor fear disdain or pride's abuse.
Along the sunny slope he guides
His plow, the laboring swain, and chides
His plodding beast, and hums anon
A simple lay, and thinks of one
Who stole, at church, his heart away
When he on Sunday went to pray.
Of all forgetful but the fair,
He drops the plow with careless air.
O Love, you bind with magic spell
The gentle bred or clown as well !

To learning, seems insipid dull,
The unsophisticated mind,
But all concede the biggest fool
Oft found in psychologic school.

His argument is wind and rant
No more endured than silly cant ;
Convinces none but little brain
Who takes the noise for logic plain.
No pageant here to Nature's God,
But truths we read in verdant sod.
Who truly seeks in earnest prayer,
Opes Wisdom's page divinely fair,
And how can we forgetful be
Of Him who makes His gifts so free !
The sun that lights the monarch's dome
As brightly shines on cotter's home,
And blest with peace a king has not
More oft contentment is his lot.

WILD ROSE.

SWEET simple flower, that in the wildwood
grows

Far from the crowd thy pale pink petal glows !

Content a barren rock to grace,
If that appointed, were thy place ;
Thy fragrance shed, perfumes the dells,
Of peace, thy life serenely tells.

Thy sweet content, O could this heart possess ;
Replete, would rid me of my loneliness.

There is a power I know forefends,
My changes all his care attends ;
My pleasures should the same be found,
My joy in solitude abound.

WAIT, REJOICING.

O, WHEN the wine of life is drained,
We throw the empty cup away,
And solemn wait the closing day !

But what are years to thee, my soul !
For thou art never young or old ;
Thou livest—thy days are never told.

Why seek to revel on the earth ?
For base-born pleasures ever sigh ?
Thy springs of joy are never dry.

Thou in the Great Eternal Arms
Shalt happy be in all thy stages,
As onward roll the endless ages.

Then thoughtful sit with radiant brow ;
Thy empty cup with nectar fill,
And wait thou now, rejoicing still.

THE OLD MANSION.

I chanced upon a moldring mansion gray,
The doors from rusted hinges dropped away,
And brier and weed upon the threshold crept,
That once some careful housewife neatly kept.

And draperies from the spider's loom were hung
Upon the somber walls that shadows flung
More weird as waned the sun in sickly rays
That struggled in through chinks and broken ways.

Now frightened half, I heard with dismal dread,
The sounds that were my own light tread.
There was the broken hearthstone gray and cold,
I sat and thought, how changed from days of old !

From years long gone when social made the night,
The cheerful blaze that glowed with ruddy light ;
Where high-bred mirth made music in those years,
These cold dark stones not e'en a cricket cheers.

The stone in answering voice, then plainly said,
" When I was fresh a happy life I led ;
For then I was the housemaid's special care,
Who ne'er forgot my polish to prepare.

" By young and old was dearly cherished too,
Tho' great French Brasses oft would parleyvoo,
And scornful look on me with sneering smile
When danced the firelight o'er my polished tile.

“The great their secrets told, and tears have wept ;
And all from others hid, I've faithful kept,
Though shrunk by age, deserted, cold and thin,
A pleasure 'tis to know what once I've been.

“November's morn, what charm around it dwells !
I'll ne'er forget the chime of wedding bells.
Enwreathing columned arch of brightest sheen,
Were sweet crysanthemums and evergreen.

“To hall so gay the bridal party came,
With cordial welcome from the courtly dame
Who met with mother's love the fair young bride,
Whose wealth und beauty drew the country-side.

“The feast was spread in silver plate and gold,
And sparkled wine in goblets quaint and old ;
And servants went at beck and call
Who gaily thought of their next Christmas ball.

“And great their pride in all this grand display,
Their master kind, a table spread that day,
That they his wedding feast might largely share,
And bless the day that brought a bride so fair.

“As pass the guests, a gayly chattering throng,
The servent-maid's shy glances steal along,
At ladies' dresses, jewels, ribbons, lace,
And skillful, criticise each form and face.

“But loudest praises lavished on the bride
Who soon had won their hearts and was their pride.
While partial Nature was to her benign,
Art's patrons paid for graces less divine.

“ Now turn the guests to find some witty wight,
To toast her charms in many a beaker bright.
A suitor old took up the brimming urn,
His words of praise with old devotion burn.

“ But later many a crimson goblet deep,
His warmest thought in Lethe left to sleep ;
And healed the bleeding wound of Cupid's dart,
As he to Bacchus gave his better part.

“ Now music lends her sweet enchanting power
And plumes the gay for more voluptuous hour.
Musicians sable, draw the fiddle bow
And one artistic picks the old banjo.

“ The dulcet strains impatient dancers haste,
Who never let such gliding measures waste.
Now gallant, gay, they seek their partners fair,
And lead them out in dances round and square.

“ But some unmindful sat in tete-a-tete,
And happy here unwitting met their fate,
For all, the glowing hours ne'er passed more fleet
And sinking sun ne'er closed a day more sweet.

“ And shimmering like a sea of silver, gleam
The coaches gay, in fair Selene's beam,
That bore the merry festive throng away,
And parted some forever on that day.

“ Of all that festal grandeur none remains
But pictures dim that mem'ry still retains
To ghost-like, rise and desolation mock,
That ruthless stript this ancient noble stock.”

The wind then mournful sighed, and all was
hushed—

A thousand changeful fancies o'er me rushed—

"Speak once again and tell me all," I cried,

"Of what befell this house of noble pride."

"Of all, 'twould take too long," the voice replied,

"But more I'll tell you of the winsome bride.

Now time on swiftest pinion softly flew,

And she, still fair, a lovely matron grew.

"A maiden's charms to sweeter grace resign

When lights the face, a mother's smile divine.

And happy seasons fill the passing year

Where love makes duty light to children dear.

"Two noble boys to manly prime attained ;

A mother's joy a father's pride remained—

A girl in beauty's galaxy a star;

The zenith reached and lustrous shone afar.

"Her hand had distant lovers sought in vain ;

Her playmate years ago in wood or lane,

Had won her heart, and claimed her long before,

And they would happy wed in twelve months
more.

"But ere their wedding day, war's dread alarms

The country filled and called its pride to arms—

Then he as captain went to lead the brave

Who gallant fought their sunny land to save.

"No fairer morn e'er dawned than on the day

The noble sons in uniform of gray,

Their mother kissed and left this very door

To face the foe and cannon's deadly roar.

“And fair Lucile, their only sister dear,
All pale and wan stood with her lover near,
To cheer and comfort her they tried in vain;
She'd have her way, 'They'd never meet again.'

“Alas! too true Lucile's prophetic words—
On bloody Malvern Hill 'mid clashing swords,
While leading on his band of gallant Grays,
Her lover fell the foremost in the frays.

“She, of a broken heart, soon passed away,
And side by side, a slab now marks their clay,
And when doth sorrow end when once begun?
At Gettysburg was slain the younger son.

“While in a ward the other lingering lay—
Resigned, he calmly breathed his soul away.
The evil tidings drove the mother mad—
She like a statue sat with face so sad,

“Or like a spirit wandered seeking them,
As crazy fancies led with changeful whim.
The father bore his grief till she was laid
Within the churchyard, 'neath the willow's shade.

“Advanced the foe as waged the war,
And battle's roar terrific sounds afar—
For 'Marse' the faithful blacks now picket stood
To guard the house, their line within the wood.

“One morn the inner post the signal heard,
The foe's approach the faithful picket feared.
'To 'vent surprise, I'll gib ole marse de 'larm,
Fer him, dis nigger's boun' to keep frum harm.'

“ When near, he saw a hurrying to and fro,
And riding master’s bay came old Black Joe,
‘ Well Bob,’ said Joe, ‘ Ole marse has gone to
rest ;
He’s lef’ dis worl’ to be forever blest.’ ”

“ Forever blest ! ” I murmured, then awoke—
“ Ah, was it but a dream of fancy broke ?
But see ! these walls bear sign of shell and ball
Too true,” said I, “ not all a dream, not all.”

THE SOUTHERN CHIEF.

Suggested by his last visit to the capitol at Jackson, Miss.

HE came once more to meet his people—
No war-trump marshalled Gray or Blue,
Not to prepare for war’s fierce conflict ;
No more his veterans to review.

Long years had passed in deep seclusion,
The chief since on that fatal day
He saw his hopes so dearly cherished
Like mocking phantoms fade away.

When set the sun on sunny Southland,
When pride and pomp and cause were lost ;
When proudly streamed the victor’s banner
Where once the chief had led his host.

And powerless to aid his people,
He watched their interest from afar ;
With gladness hailed the dawn approaching,
That ushered their pale beaming star.

They followed him to death or victory
Undaunted, firm, his veterans brave,
For swelled his ranks the flower of chivalry,
And many filled an honored grave.

Now o'er him came a deeper yearning
For his devoted remnant band,
And to their invitation, calling,
He passive came at love's command.

He came before them like a vision,
Brought back the well-remembered days—
When he on battlefields had led them ;
When fresh and green they wore their bays.

His step no longer firm and steady
But still erect his noble form :
His locks had in the tempest whitened,
Bared to the fury of the storm.

For peace white-winged had spread no pinion
To cover his defenceless head,
And he alone was left unsheltered
To expiate in other's stead.

And beauty, youth and age were gathered
Within that vast assembled hall,
And rang cheer after cheer in greeting,
The chief who well had served them all.

Majestic, calm he stood before them ;
His eye met tenderly their gaze.
The old chief's heart was stirred within him,
As memories rose of other days.

He'd never come again to meet them ;
For now from out their lives he'd passed,
His followers hear his words of comfort,
Devoted love still breathes his last.

For kindled then the old flame burning
For Mississippi his own loved state,
And praise he gave her sons deserving,
He felt his loyal breast inflate.

He'd fought with them at Beuna Vista,
Repelled the lancers with his V.
When flying from the field went Mignon,
And they had gained the victory.

He'd served the people long and faithful
In Senate hall, on tented field,
And watching, guarding well their interest,
Their honored trust affection sealed.

That veteran band no terror moving,
Their tears in womanish weakness drop
At parting with the gray-haired warrior,
Who once had been the nation's prop.

In all his sorrows sympathizing,
To him by true affection bound,
Now though his life was closed in shadows,
His heart in them a solace found.

IN MEMORIAM

OF REV. A. R. GRAVES.

S O many moons have rolled away—
So long the weary years,
Since last, "my daughter" I heard him say
In tones that thrilled my heart.

His latest breath in prayer was spent
For blessings on each one.
His love, in death, the strength had lent,
Can we forget such love?

In tenderness I've seen him oft
Caress his tearful child,
His kindly words seemed music soft
That soothed our childish grief.

He was a man so noble, true,
All might in him confide—
No better friend the poor e'er knew
To aid them in their need.

He was a man of liberal mind,
And scorned an action mean,
Benevolent to all mankind,
Was to a friend sincere.

His soul was pure as air he breathed
'Mong Saratoga's hills,
His boyhood home whose memories wreathed,
Oft cheered his later years.

When he had gone to stranger land,
And broke his earliest ties
To sow the seed with liberal hand
Where'er the Master bade.

He was about his Master's work
Not to be seen of men ;
No duty did he ever shirk
However hard the task.

Tho' he is gone his work remains,
His foster children bless
Him for his labor and his pains,
His memory sweet embalm.

SORROW.

AH, well, I know thy drooping form,
Thy hollow cheek, thy faltering step,
That comes in sunshine or in storm.
I know thy voice, thy low deep wail,
Whether in cot or dome
Your sable robe doth trail.

With noiseless step I've seen thee glide
And steal the smiles of lovely fair,
And blanch the cheek that bloomed in pride.
I've seen the brave before thee pale,
Stricken the proud heart lay,
I've heard his bitter wail.

Unwelcome visitor of man
To counting-room or festive board
You come and thwart our every plan !
You break the dream of life most sweet
Be it the young or old
Your dark lank form doth meet.

I've seen thee press the Christian's hand
And roughly call his mortal joys,
Yet he alone doth thee withstand ;
The soul secure, heeds not thy might,
Hidden his treasures are
Where comes no sorrow's blight.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

'TIS said, "Whatever is, is right,"
'Gainst no condition we should fight,
And man himself would like to think
When'er he sees his fortunes sink,
It was not he who steered the ship.
But oft his mind is ill at ease—
The failures which succeed his plan,
Were they of his or heaven's decrees?
'Tis sad to see a briefless lawyer
Whom Nature shaped to be a sawyer,
If he his making had not spoiled
He need not thus have fruitless toiled;
Abused is Æsculapius art
When soul and body 're made to part
By use of drops or deadly pills,
A quack prescribes and always kills.
God gives to each some gift in kind,
And every man should know his mind;
For oft he makes the hardest lot
Who tries to be what he is not.

WHITTIER'S DEATH.

THOU art not dead, sweet singer,
Nor silent is thy song
But grosser sounds that linger
Our cold dull ears doth fill.

* * * * *

When cold the spark that smolders,
The spirit wings its way:
The broken urn but molders,
And mingles with its dust.

And friends their eyes are bending
On earth that nothing holds
Of him whose love is blending
With love of those who mourn.

For he in realms higher
Now wears a victor's crown
And sings the praises nigher
Of Him, "who all things gives."

Fresh burns the fire glowing
That filled his breast with zeal,
Whose magic power none then knowing
Has wrought a nation's change.

In measures sweeter flowing
His heaven-born thought doth move
'Mong flowers ethereal blowing
Lives in their fresher bloom.

No more of Misery's weeping
His verse divine doth tell,
'Tis Joy's sweet story sweeping
Love's golden chords above.

His soul doth drink the pleasures
That here it longed to taste,
More perfect now it measures
The love of Christian grace.

YOUR NEIGHBOR'S GLASSES.

IF you your faults would like to see
Your neighbor's glasses borrow.
To you so much revealed will be,
'Twill fill your heart with sorrow.

These glasses magnify each flaw
In light so clear and strong,
Where only virtue once you saw,
Appears but grievous wrong.

Although the knowledge give you pain
For good it all will end,
If you at last perfection gain
By aid those glasses lend.

A CRITICISM.

A CRITICISM wise and just
Bespeaks a friend that we may trust
But mark the man, of him beware !
Who wanton finds a fault unfair,
Nor scarcely less the person shun
Who praises all and censures none.
A doubtful meaning some express
You read it more or you read it less,
A beaten track awhile will go
You think you understand and know,
Off in a tangent sudden flies ;
All in a mystery deeper lies,
A Will-o'-the-Wisp, now here, now there,
You seek with hope, then in despair
To catch the sense of words so fair.

Some live a life that sore misleads ;
His specious views breed doubtful deeds.
In Protean shapes he will disguise
And deal in devil's merchandise.
A graceless sinner, plays a saint
While pressing people till they faint,
'Gainst tyranny will enter plaint.
Magnanimous, large means he tries—
For great reforms he lusty cries,
But petty woes and wants despise.
Of Liberty a patron reigns
While closer still he draws the chains
That make men slaves and keep them so.

Like an eagle upward soars,
Like a vulture swoops and floors
His helpless victims, to destroy,
In carnage such as fiends enjoy.
On tiptoe comes with loftiest grace
In Christian's pew to find a place,
His recreant limbs in ermine clad,
That cost the tears of children sad.
Its web and woof the price of tears
The poor have shed when ruthless peers
Not e'en their slender living spares.

And orphans' cries his prayers prevent
He fain to Heaven would have sent.
His promises so fairly spun,
That here his earthly greatness won—
Recording angel pens as lies
Of Satan's guild* of deepest dyes.
A nation's parasite he sits,
And lives and fattens by his wits—
He in ermine, they in rags—
Whose fleeces year by year, he bags.
But there's a rolè he cannot play,
Nor compensation cannot stay—
When inequalities shall fuse,
And every man receives his dues.

* Of his workmanship.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

A TRAVELER weary worn was I
The eve I reached the town of Y.
To sooth my heart with care opprest,
I sought a place of peaceful rest—
Here bounteous Nature poured her store.
Hard by in noble grandeur stood
The ancient monarchs of the wood
That saw the boy turn old and gray,
That gathered acorn cups at play,
Or hours jolly with comrades made,
In merry frolics 'neath their shade.
To playful urchins of his race,
A trembling sire resigned his place,
And long has slept beneath the sod
On which his infant feet had trod.
From silver-throated warblers near
Rich tinkling notes regaled my ear,
And mingled sweetly soft and low,
A maiden's voice in rhythmic flow.
Returned the shadowy dreams of yore
When life to me was bliss in store—
The present but to be endured
For joys that future years secured.
Deceiving phantom lures us on,
To leave untasted joys that's gone—
While waiting for a sweeter draught,
We perish, die for what is not.

The church spires bathed in mellow light,
Looked down upon the quiet town ;
No rude alarms distract with fear,
For evil there was all put down,
And rum must go, the people said,
For woe enough it long had made.
So men and women put it out,
And with it went the drunken bout.
Where dram-shops stood are houses neat,
That ornament the shaded street.
And heard, instead of moans and sighs,
Is music sweet of lullabies.

At evening on the shaven green
The playful children might be seen,
And oft their joyous laughter ringing
Set my weary soul a-singing.
I thought all wealth and fame but toys
Compared with their sweet simple joys.
Here, too, I found the noblest sages
Who wrote and read their ample pages.
The sweetest nectar I did sip,
Tho' oft the cup had pressed my lip,
I longed for this Pierian spring
That filled without ambition's sting.
It seemed content, there only reigned,
No envy burned or malice pained.
Still lingering in this genial place,
I learned to love each form and face.
Some soft excuse from day to day
The hour of parting did delay.

* * * * *

One summer morn I rose at dawn,
From dewy glade awoke the fawn ;

Just risen from her cozy bed,
A timid hare before me sped.
The sun in all its glory seemed
To rise just from the water's edge,
And chase the shadows far and wide
That hid the lake and rocky ledge.
I thought not in this lonely place
To see a human form or face,
But straight before my wondering eyes
A woman stood in dusky guise.
She held a cup of vile contents,
And with a heart that ne'er relents,
She wrought her spells with potent charms
As wildly tossed her tawny arms.
Her eye caught mine, and thus she spake,
"What would you see? the shiny lake?"
For want of something else to say,
I answered "yes," and walked that way.
I stood before the sibyl's cave,
And naught I heard but sullen wave.
I viewed with care this lonely grot,
And sure it was a dismal spot.
Said she, "I deal in magic lore,
Here many came in days of yore
To learn the secrets hid from men
That never can be writ by pen.
To yonder knoll come go with me,
The false, the true, revealed will be,
The world with all its mottled crew
Before you spread in open view."
Said I, "There's much I'd like to know,
So if you please, with you I'll go."
Then from a chest a glass she drew
Of quaintest style all burnished new.

Said she, "The magic of this glass
All other charms doth far surpass."
Along the rugged path we sped,
With fleet and nimble step she tread.
I followed fast, too lithe was she;
She reached the knoll and looked on me.
I clambered up the steep ascent,
And sat me down my breath all spent.
The wondrous glass she brought to view;
I gazed upon a picture new.
Upon a plain of vast extent,
A ladder tall on heaven leant.
A throng, the ladder strove to climb,
Some old, some young, some in their prime ;
Of ev'ry calling or profession,
Before me passed in grand procession ;
The demagogue and partisan,
The farmer and the artisan,
The serf and lord, both king and queen,
And soldier bold of sternest mien,
The little man behind the press
Who writes his news in borrowed dress,
And vents his spleen in steady volume
On those who slight his weekly column.
The ladder's highest rung to gain,
I saw each give the other pain.
A warrior rose with rapid stride,
By strength he crushed or pushed aside
Whoever did obstruct his way.
All joined his progress to delay.
Combined in vain, too puny they.
He conquered all, and scaled with ease
The highest rung, which ought to please
Ambition's proudest soul. Ye gods !

He weeps and would presumptuous tread
Empyrean plains but Bacchus nods,
And hurls him down to earth again.
In frenzy politicians strove ;
When near the goal, one thought he throve,
Some demagogue then pulled him down
And took the place with great renown.
Too weak, the steep to climb, some fell
Whose cries in mournful numbers roll
Or silent broods the sorrowing soul.
I scanned the groups to find a face
I knew, when lo ! with steady pace,
From the town of Y there came the sages ;
They struggled hard in frantic rages,
To rise each one above the others,
And they, I thought, had loved as brothers.
And there were numbers I had seen
Upon the pleasant village green,
All well concealed by little arts,
Was burning hate within their hearts.
Ah well, thought I, there is no place
Where love can dwell without a trace
Of baleful envy's dire unrest,
To wound and pain a trusting breast.

* * * * *

I looked still farther on the plain
Some more refreshing view to gain.
My heart was thrilled with pleasure new
When so unlike the ladder's crew,
On lofty heights I saw the true.
There, terrace broad on terrace rose,
In glittering peaks their tops expose ;
And on each wide and verdant plat
These happy souls reclined or sat.

Too kind to work alone for self,
And live for fame or sordid pelf,
The good they'd done for men and nations
Had raised them to these lofty stations.
Among the great I noted one
Than whom for truth fought braver none.
He broke the chain of superstition
And crushed the power of inquisition ;
And ages yet will tell the story
Of his struggles and his glory.
Another fair as morning shone ;
A nation claims him as her own.
He wore a crown of thirteen stars
From Britain won in bloody wars.
Proud monarchs yielded to his power,
And long the foe did rue the hour
When first he met the gallant band,
That from oppression freed the land,
And matrons sat with beaming faces
Whose virtues won these lofty places.
Their prayers of faith like incense rise
And fall in blessing from the skies.
The weak in virtuous paths they lead,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed.
I stood well pleased to view the train
That rose continuous from the plain
Serene and calm, their eyes beam love,
And happy hearts join those above.
Love plumes the wing that bears the soul
Upward and onward to the goal.
Ne'er let my name illustrious shine
If bowed before ambition's shrine
My soul shall lose its wealth divine.

MELANCHOLIA.

A SEER grim, a goblin glum oft comes
Unbid, within, he on the hearthstone sits.
With knowing look, he strokes his chin and says
“Ah, dreary is the day that opes for all !
There’s naught in field, there’s naught in till, to
cheer.
The drouth is sore, the pastures green are dead,
And blighted, too, the fruits and waving grain,
But harder still the lot in winter drear
When all is bleak, and shrieks the blast that hunts
The bleating flocks beneath the empty shed !
When children near the fire draw and miss
The ’customed pleasures fruitful harvest brings.
Man gains a meager living scarcely more,
And vainly thinks some day to live at ease.
Why should he labor thus from year to year ?
Mistaken creatures ! need some good advice,
And forth I’ll go to aid those most in need.”
He gropes his way, and sees a flickering light,
He lifts the latch, a merchant finds alone
And though unbid, he boldly sits to talk.
“Good sir, how ill you look ! you’re growing thin.
’Tis plain you work too hard ; ’twill be your death.
O’er musty ledgers filled with worthless bills
You pore ; and post accounts that nothing pay,
Why toil thus vainly, year by year, and lose ?
Your plans are but a dream that melt to air.
You’re gulled each day, and yet are still deceived.
Some poor-house pauper yet you’ll be, or find
A harder lot from post to pillar tossed.

I'm but a friendly guest that warn you thus,
Farewell ! I hope you'll profit by advice."

He wanders forth to find a victim new,
A holy man upon his text intent,
Next Sabbath's sermon to prepare, now hears
A most unwelcome tapping at the door,
And well within he finds the sable guest
Who says, " Ah sir, you strive for ways and means
To do these people good, and what care they
For all your toil, your counsel or reproof ?
Another now would better fill the place.
Your foggy ways and plans are out of date.
Now, I am sure I tell you as a friend,
The church of you, most gladly would be rid.
Your prosy sermon drives them mad ; they long
For something fresh and new you cannot give.
The sisters doze, the deacons restless grow,
Before your " thirdly 's " quite begun, and some
The time beguile in counting bonnets new
Or taking note of Fashion's latest style,
And when you're paid, O how they fret and fume !
To seek the church's good and not his own
Is every Christian's sacred duty bound.
Take my advice—'twere better you resign."
With saintly air, he bade his host adieu.

Upon the pastor's desk unfinished lay
The sermon for unruly members meant ;
And long the poor man sat, and thought,
Of any man's, his lot should be deplored,
And thus to all, this spirit glum will come
To fill the soul with expectation dire.
His breath, with clouds, can brightest skies o'er cast ;
To poisonous weeds, transform the fairest flowers ;
The sweetest harmonies in discord break.

THE REPINING DAISY.

S AID a little daisy,
Fresh from the kindly earth,
“How can one so tiny
E’er be of any worth.

“Why, I can scarce be seen
I am so very small—
My dress is simple white—
I make no show at all!

“If I were but a rose
With velvet petal red,
I’d never be ashamed,
But proudly raise my head.

“A weak and useless thing,”
She murmured with a sigh,
“Here in this lonely nook
Unseen I’ll live and die.”

Just then a fairy child
Came lightly tripping by ;
She paused, her eager eyes
The little daisy spy.

Now trembling from the hand
Of prattling little maid,
The daisy in surprise,
Was in a basket laid.

“ This daisy mother’ll paint
And send it to the queen,
The fairest court I know,
My eyes have ever seen.”

Next in a costly vase
Her daisyship was placed :
An artist’s skillful hand
Her golden bosom traced.

A daisy fresh and fair
Upon the canvas bloomed ;
But lifeless in the vase
The model was entombed.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

IN the woodland deep, thy safe retreat,
Bird of the evening, sweet and shy,
The day you pass from mortal eye,
'Mong leafy boughs, on noiseless wing
With your mate you glide till sinks the sun,
Then your sad notes the welkin ring.

Unheralded, in the twilight soft,
You ever come when blooms the rose ;
Anear your song continuous pours
Till morn's first crimson flush appears,
Then back you haste to your lonely bower
Where none disturb or wake your fears.

Doth sorrow ever thy bosom swell
Bird of the brown and glossy wing,
That thus in plaintive note you sing ?
Hath some great woe beset thy race
That ever in solitude you pass
Your life in some deep shadowy place ?

None know thy secret, lonely bird,
Or why thy song the heart doth touch,
Bringing a flood of mem'ries, such
As melt to tears, of years ago,
When love's echo seemed each tender word
That thrilled a heart with love aglow.

THE WOODSPRITE'S SONG.

I WENT into the solemn wood
Beneath the moss-grown trees I stood;
Weird and wild my fancies grew,
Methought some being near me drew,
Some spirit breathing soft and low
Till clearer, stronger sounds prolong ;
It was the woodsprite's simple song,
Capricious spirit of the wood,
She sings in gay or pensive mood ;
Unseen, the mantling shades among,
'Twas of the redman thus she sung.
 "Child of the wood
 Here in thy home,
Thy happy life once knew no fear
When on the hills you chased the deer
Or roved by reedy stream as free
As the winds that whisper now of thee,
 No more on the hills,
 No more by the rills,
 Thy voice do we hear.

 "Child of the wood,
 I grieve for thee,
When on the pebbly shore I stand,
And view the rich and goodly land,
Once thine—thy happy hunting ground,
Where warriors proud with glory crowned,

For pastime would spar,
For in chase or in war,
Ye're a fearless band.

“Child of the wood,
All left of thine
Is ancient mound that marks thy dead—
Perchance a bead or arrow-head
The plowshare turns from mellow earth,
And farmer boy picks up with mirth,
But in memory dwells
The story it tells
Of the life you led.

“In woody wilds,
Where once there stood
The wigwams low by camp-fires lit,
Where braves their pipes a-smoking sit
While comely squaws their meals prepared
Of fish and venison generous shared,
And chiefs by their fires
Told deeds of their sires
No pen ever writ.

“A stately dome
Now rises there ;
And wealth and grandeur's gay parades,
The wigwam e'en from memory fades.
From marble founts and new-made ways
The waters gush in silver sprays,
You stooped to drink
From mossy brink,
'Neath the forest shades.

“Thou child of chance,
Untamed and free,
Far to the West thy home must be ;
Thy wigwam rude must near the sea.
Far o’er the main shall float thy song
That bears the burden of thy wrong.
If tears could avail
Thy fate I’d bewail,
I’d weep for thee.”

MY QUEEN.

NO pearls or diamonds can compare
With graces of my queen so fair,
And binds me to her magic spell
A love more strong than tongue can tell.
I see her cheek in blooming rose
And her bright eyes in starshine glows.
And when her smile o’er dimple plays
No light o’er gloom so sweetly sways.
But then our queen’s a lassie yet
For she’s our baby and our pet.

FANNY LOU'S LOVERS.

THERE was a little maiden fair,
Who lived just o'er the way,
Her saucy smile, coquettish air,
Had won two lovers gay.

“Of all the girls that 's in her set,
There 's none like Fanny Lou.
And tho' the best of friends, we yet
Will for her favor sue.”

To see sweet Fanny Lou they went,
Still friends, till on the sly
A jewel-casket Walter sent
By some swift Nellie Bly.

That box so tiny, now estranged
From him his rival friend,
That jealous passion had deranged
And would their friendship end.

That Walter's love could be no fraud,
And Fanny loved him too,
The busy gossips noised abroad,
Till Robert angry grew.

He ceased to come, this jealous one,
Why, Fanny could not guess ;
When she was told the box alone
Was cause—nor more nor less.

The time to months had sped away,
He cold and colder grew,
Till hardly friends, it seemed, were they
Who once had been so true.

The world was now a dreary waste
Without a ray of sun,
Of death, despair now seemed a taste
To this deluded one.

For Fanny Lou was just the same,
Her heart was e'en as true
As when that Sunday eve he came
Before the mischief brew.

His pain he thought he could not bear
So mad it drove him, too,
He found a place all to prepare
A wicked deed to do.

He watched beneath a clump of pine,
His dagger laid in rest,
Said he, "He'll feel this hand of mine,
This lance shall do its best."

He waited there with bated breath
Until the moon went down,
Yet still none came to meet his death,
And silent was the town.

The jealous demon held him sore
And tho' his hands were clean
His soul was stained with human gore,
For thus with sullen mien

He spoke, "Ah, well, you've 'scaped to-night
But I will bide my time,
Some set of sun you'll feel my might,
You'll hear your last love's chime."

With labored breath and beads of sweat,
Upon his darkened brow,
That night in bed, his victim met
In dreams of bloody row.

While at the hour the other lay,
And peaceful slept and dreamed
Of foreign lands, 'neath skies of May
Where wealth and beauty teemed.

An angel heaven may have sent
To warn the hapless man,
For quite another way he went
So 'scaped the bloody plan.

Then, too, that night he seemed to know
That Fanny's thoughts did stray,
While he was talking, love aglow,
She seemed so far away.

He then and there made up his mind
To bid a long adieu,
In tender tones and words still kind,
He bade farewell to Lou.

And soon he sailed for India's land
His fortune there to find,
A-delving in the golden sand
For gems of precious kind.

His sudden leave did all surprise,
But most of all his foe
Who 'gan to feel he'd been unwise
To seek revenge so low.

"Now, why did Walter go," thought he,
"If Fanny loved him so?
Ah, jealous love hath blinded me,
And caused me all this woe.

"The dastard deed I thought to do
To one so good a friend
As Walter, who was always true,
Is worthy of a fiend."

And now remorse his bosom fills,
He grows a better man ;
With patience learns to bear life's ills,
And do what good he can.

For Walter's sake he vowed to speak
No more of love to Lou ;
And ne'er by word or deed would seek
To prove her false or true.

Although resolved as friend to speak
When he should meet with Lou,
His vow he could not wholly keep,
For love still stronger grew.

The voice of justice soon was stilled
Amid Love's ravings wild,
Love bore him captive as she willed,
And then at justice smiled.

Twelve moons had Walter been away
 When rang the wedding bells ;
 And on their happy nuptial day
 Of sadness nothing tells.

A happy wife was Fanny Lou,
 And Robert was more gay ;
 His trade increased, he prosperous grew
 As sped the years away.

* * * * *

When all forgot what I have told,
 A girl as young and fair
 As Fanny Lou in days of old
 Came tripping down the stair

And lightly out into the street
 She went the darling one,
 And said in cheerful tone so sweet,
 "Now, mother dear, I'm gone."

Then pattering down the shaded way
 Were heard her little feet,
 Till turning where the crossing lay
 Into the market street.

A handsome man with foreign air
 Alighted from a brett,
 Adown the busy thoroughfare
 This stranger tall she met.

He noted her with strange surprise
 And well she knew it too,
 He thought, "Can I believe my eyes,
 That must be Fanny Lou.

“ But still too young and fair for her
She must have older grown ”;
To know, a moment did defer,
Then stepped the crossing-stone,

And kindly said with courteous bow,
“ I beg your pardon Miss,
But here I am a stranger now,
And will you tell me this,

“ Does Robert Hendricks still live here?
I’ve looked in all West End ;
I’ve been away for many a year,
And cannot find a friend.”

“ O, yes, and I’m his daughter, sir,
He lives on Jackson Square,
Third street from Bond and Water, sir,
You’ll find my father there.”

Another thing he wished to know,
But only asked her name,
“ ’Tis Fanny Lou ; they call me Flo,
’Cause mother’s is the same.”

That was enough he knew it all
With husky voice he said,
“ My thanks, sweet maid, I am McCall,”
And not a moment stayed.

But Flo a wondrous story told,
And strange ! the name forgot ;
Some said he was a soldier bold,
But none of Walter thought.

And had not Walter's love grown cold
In all those years away,
And all his coffers rich with gold
What pleasure, now, were they?

But best of all one day at last
With Walter, Robert met;
To make amends for all the past,
He was the kindest yet.

His home with him, must Walter share
And never parted be.
If love could all his wrongs repair
It should be given free.

The children called him uncle Walt,
No friend they loved so well,
But now was anyone at fault?
The strangest thing to tell,

When birds were gay and flowers a-bloom
And summer's censer swung,
For Flo and uncle Walt the groom
The wedding bells were rung.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

LOVE came to me one summer day
On shining golden wings.
In sweeter strain than minstrel's lay
He told me wondrous things.

The softest zephyrs fanned my face
And perfumed all the air,
And then to some enchanted place
Me off they seemed to bear.

In marble halls of brightest sheen
I felt my pulses thrill,
As music from some source unseen
My being seemed to fill.

And sweetly odorous breath of flowers
Came softly stealing in,
And cooling founts sprayed silv'ry showers
Enchantment dealing in.

For passive now, love led me on
To richer palace fair ;
In costly elegance were strown,
The halls with treasures rare.

Rare statues graced the corners deep,
Art's masters on me frowned ;
No tears, thought I, did they e'er weep
Who are so richly crowned.

I tread Love's palace paved with gold
With feelings undefined.
Some gentle power I felt enfold
My every wish inclined.

When he that led me, spoke again,
O then I saw it seems
The one that I had sought in vain,
The one I'd seen in dreams.

But never nobler in my dreams
Than he that bent o'er me,
And said, "The fairest star that gleams
Can not compare with thee."

O blissful life ! all fairer grew
In Love's enchanted bowers ;
As circling seasons swiftly flew,
I took no note of hours.

Ah, cruel fate ! I woke one morn,
And found my love departed ;
Of every grace my palace shorn,
And I was broken hearted.

I found my love was all a dream,
And never 'mid life's waking
Is seen in daylight's common beam
A Love of such a making.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

I STROLLED upon an idle day,
I thought from others far away.
When lo ! a secret I did hear
Told by a hapless lover near.

He sat there pensive and alone,
His looks were sad and woe-begone.
His girl, the burden of his sighs,
Of her he did soliloquise:

“ My girl, my girl, lovely creature !
She's faultless quite, form and feature,
Her virtues more than mortal ken
Deserve a poet's tongue or pen.

“ She's neither short nor very tall,
Her soft white hands are very small,
She wears the daintiest little shoe
I think it is a number two.

“ Her hair, its color can't be told
'Tis dark with just a tinge of gold.
Her eyes are of a hazel brown,
And lovely if she smile or frown.

“ She dresses in the latest style
Her silks of tan, sea-green or nile,
I know not which become her best,
She's charming in whate'er she's drest.

"She has a very queenly air,
Too sweet ! her walking I declare,
It makes my heart go pit-a-pat
I can but smile and tip my hat.

"Earth's purest gold, sea's rarest pearl
I'd give to win this charming girl.
If she'll consent to be my wife
A happy man I'll be for life."

In sheer disgust, I left the lune
Still whining on in love-sick tune,
Full well I knew ere very late
He'd seek the girl to know his fate.

As I supposed, not long the day
Was set to wed this girl so gay,
And to his home with greatest pride
He brought his fair and gentle bride.

* * * * *

Some months, perhaps 'twas three or four,
I passed along quite near their door ;
Within I heard a dreadful strife—
The man was quarreling with his wife.

"Here I've waited till half-past one,
And not a bit of dinner done,"
Said she, "I know 'tis only noon
Your watch is wrong, you've come too soon."

"My time is right, I know 'tis one
My watch I set 'long with the sun."
"Then sir, your watch must run too fast
I know 'tis twelve and not half-past."

The sweetest girl, now angry wife,
With spiteful words kept up the strife.
Unmindful quite of what he did,
Upset the tea and broke the lid.

“There goes my costly china, now,
Another set I’ll have, I vow,”
The table-linen drenched with tea,
The dinner cold, a sight to see.

Not a mouthful either tasted ;
She in tears, from home he hasted—
The evening long and weary, wore,
The young wife’s heart was sick and sore.

She sat and watched till twilight gray
In shadows closed that woeful day.
Then rose with sighs to make the tea,
And wondered what the end would be.

He too, more sad and thoughtful grew
And all that eve was very blue,
He inly felt he was to blame,
And thought such anger was a shame.

“Straight now, I’ll buy that china set
Perhaps all right I’ll make it, yet.”
With new resolves and china too,
Then to his home he almost flew.

With hasty jerk, he opes the gate ;
When on the steps, he calls to Kate,
“Come here my love, my darling pet
And see your nice new china set.”

She, now, all smiles without a trace
Of tears, that lately stained her face,
Then meets him at the parlor door
And gives him kisses by the score.

Now, oft I've heard the neighbors say
Of all that decks her side-board gay,
Kate prizes most that china set
That warns them of the angry pet.

THE FREAKS OF CUPID.

"WELL now," said little Cupid,
 "I'm ready for my flight.
'Tis real dull and stupid
 To lie here such a night."

Then from his cozy bower,
 He soon was out of sight
And from a lofty tower
 Surveyed the starry night.

And from his station spying
 A gorgeous palace bright,
The longer he kept eyeing
 The more he craved a sight.

"Ah, sure there's something splendid,
 I'll to that glittering hall,"
And from his perch descended,
 To find a fancy ball.

“ Now for those gay young creatures
I'll see what I can do.
I'll give their lovely feautres
A beauty strange and new.”

And then in dreamy mazes,
Went dancers round and round ;
A-list'ning to their praises,
A thrilling pleasure found.

The wicked little Cupid
Was quick to fly his shaft ;
Through many sorely stupid
He ruthless sent the haft.

A little dude for pity
Imploring looked in vain.
They sang for him a ditty
And cruel scorned his pain.

To save his reputation,
Then Cupid was unfair.
A healing preparation
For some he did prepare.

That Cupid is a sinner,
Good folks will all agree ;
He's sure to be the winner
Tho' guarded you may be.

AN ANGEL SEEMING.

HE sang of one, an angel seeming,
Who sadly broke his blissful dreaming ;
I thought of all our falseness, oh !
When he in song expressed his woe ;
Began the mournful story so :

“ As Love and I went roaming,
I pondered in the gloaming ;
I thought of one who always seeming
So pure that truth lay beaming
Within her eye of heavenly blue,
Those tender eyes of loveliest hue.

“ This winsome beauty teeming
With charms that set me dreaming
Of bliss for which my soul was yearning,
I went without discerning,
To see, as Cupid’s tyros do,
And then, too late, their folly rue.

“ ’Twas in the sweetest Maying
I went without delaying.
I met her in the meadow singing ;
Her step so lightly springing,
A sprite she seemed of heavenly mold
With loosely flowing locks of gold.

“ This creature now approaching,
I felt a wretch encroaching,
How would she list to my love-suing ?
She never thought of wooing.
Her mates, the birds and flowers, must be,
'Twas plain she'd never mate with me.

“ But as we kept a-walking,
I 'gan my love a-talking,
With joy, I saw her face was smiling ;
Her words my heart beguiling,
Now filled with love to overflow ;
I'd never thought to win her so.

“ As summer went a-rolling,
'Twas oft we went a-strolling ;
With siren voice she kept me staying
To hear her vainly saying,
'I think I'll be the happiest wife
When you and I are wed for life.'

“ But, now, the time was pressing ;
My case became distressing,
For when the day I spoke of naming
Excuses quickly framing,
She put me off in softest way
With no intent to set the day.

“ Now desperate I was growing
Resolved, I was on knowing
How long she meant to keep me waiting,
So then, without debating ;
Again I went to know my fate,
I could not bear suspense so great.

"Ah, still she met me smiling,
Then, I myself reviling
For thinking ill of one so charming,
That never creature harming,
(An angel sure without the wings)
All this I thought, and other things.

" Now she so sweetly posing
Her soft blue eyes a-closing,
To set the day I then suggesting,
Those eyes then on me resting,
When coldly, calmly, this she said,
'To you I'll never, never wed.'

" No more of tresses golden
Though sung in story olden,
For loving once a gold-haired maiden,
My heart is sorrow-laden.
Deceived me once soft eyes of blue
To all such now I bid adieu."

THE LITTLE PALACE.

I BUILT a costly little palace
With gem and jewel set
And sure this cozy little structure
My ardent wishes met.

I waited not—for time was precious—
My task at once begun,
And soon a little palace golden
Was glittering in the sun.

I silent wrought and thought of many
Who well had done their part,
Their patient toil and bright successes
Revived my drooping heart.

And when at last my work was ended,
I felt a pleasant thrill ;
I thought of all the friends I'd shelter
From winter's storm and chill.

The friends I entertained were many
I gave of all my store,
So in good cheer we all were happy,
And sighed for nothing more.

But then, alas ! a green-eyed monster
Came boldly in my door—
With anger scowling, snarling, hissing,
He spat upon my floor.

Said he, "Who built this gilded bauble?
Where got you all this wealth?
I know you do not rightly own it,
It must have come by stealth."

"And who art thou, now, ugly goblin,
That dare me thus to taunt?
If thou wouldst keep thy limbs unbroken,
This instant go, avaunt!

"All this is mine—by toil I earned it."
I turned and faced about.
When lo! a fairy creature entered
And quickly turned him out.

At sight of her a shriek he uttered
Most piercing to the ear;
And forth in frantic fury flying,
He looked not back for fear.

Avenging Nemesis! he knew her—
Said she "I'm often sent
His spleen and malice swift to punish,
And make him sore repent.

"Now, straight I'm from the seat of justice
Where truth doth with us reign;
Our eye is on the honest toiler,
And we protect his gain.

"Of thy tormentor, I avenge thee—
Upon his head return
His measured, meditated evil
That doth with malice burn."

She gently soothed my heart's wild throbbing,
And dried the bitter tears ;
Inspired to greater, nobler action,
And banished all my fears.

She stooped and 'rased the spots unsightly,
He put upon my floor
And left my little palace golden
E'en brighter than before.

PLEASURE'S DEFENSE.

I KNOW I'm gay in every season,
And never feel a care.
But tell me, is there any reason
Why smiles I should not wear ?

Though people call me vain and idle,
I never feel a fear.
There 're plenty who will round me fondle
And seek me all the year.

I may be found in shady corners
Where children love to play.
I'm vainly sought by would-be scorners
Who fret the live-long day.

I cannot live with those who worry,
A frown I cannot bear ;
I'd leave, (to say it makes me sorry)
At sight of falling tear.

'Tis said my place is with the gay
Who no exertion make ;
With those who labor day by day
A hand I never shake.

But now my friends I'll tell you plainly
This is a grave mistake.
If people all would treat me sanely
There 're none I would forsake.

FAREWELL YE SHADES.

FAREWELL ye walks and pleasant shades !
Once favored haunts of boys and maids,
Silent and lone, we leave you now,
To brooding dove or moping cow ;
No merry voice of laughter ringing,
Shall mingle with the wild bird's singing.
Only the wind-harp's gentle sighing,
Fit requiem of the pleasures dying.

You'll miss the gaily bounding feet
Of boys who here were wont to meet.
Their games of chess, croquet or ball,
Happy they played till soft night-fall.
You'll miss the coyish little maiden
Who here would list to words love-laden.
Blushing, her faith to one she plighted
Nor dreamed fond hopes might e'er be blighted.

And playful children just from school
Oft wandered here in shadows cool,
Gathering thy sweets the gay spring flowers,
That decked these noble ancient bowers,
And here beneath these shades reclining
Some schoolboy lone almost repining,
Pored o'er problems most perplexing,
Or Latin verbs perchance more vexing.

But all are gone. Farwell, sweet shades !
We leave you now till summer fades.
Autumn will come in robe of gold
With crimson fleck in every fold,
Then again in joy will meet us
New friends and old who long to greet us ;
Dear are the ties that still unite us
And here again these shades invite us.

SWEET VACATION TIME.

WHEN books are closed for holidays,
O, then are royal times !
In different chords all nature plays
And sweetest music chimes.

Those halcyon days on grandpa's farm,
That sweet vacation time,
In memory dwells and every charm,
I would recount in rhyme.

That homestead to my childish eyes
Then seemed a palace fair ;
Soft fleecy clouds flecked bluest skies,
And redolent the air

Of blooming myrtles that graceful rose,
And dreamy shadows flung ;
Their crape-like blossoms in repose,
Like silken banners hung.

With woodbine and clematis twined,
How dear the arbor rude !
Where oft we watched the nests soft-lined
Of song-birds and their brood.

How dear the brook where we have played,
With pin-hook fished for trout,
Or sailed our boats with people laden
That shipwrecked on the route.

Or gayly decked as woodnymph child,
In cap or crown of leaves,
A robe of fern and flowers wild,
Such as a fairy weaves.

Our mimic court we duly paid
To people of the wood,
And 'long the shaded bank we strayed
To where the old mill stood.

When fainter grew sweet summer's smiles
And shorter were the days,
Our romps on snowy cotton piles
Closed all our merry plays.

Then grandpapa and grandmamma
And all the aunties dear
Who liked to hear our glad hurrah
We left with many a tear.

Some say that school days are the best
I like vacation time,
On grandpa's farm there is a zest
That makes vacation prime.

FEAR.

WHENE'ER fair Luna in her moods
Doth hide her face, and darkness broods,
Then pallid Fear his night-walk takes
Thro' town and wood, thro' fields and brakes.

He oft into the chamber creeps
And breathes on her who softly sleeps ;
She opes her eyes and views the room,
A ghost appears amidst the gloom.

A rustling leaf, the sighing breeze,
The steps distract, the blood doth freeze,
Of him who walks the lonely wood
When Fear doth measure every rood.

In misty light, some form he sees
In deadly white upon his knees,
Ah, now, he tells his beads or prays
To soothe his heart or courage raise.

How fear doth cheat the ear, the eyes !
From filmy cobwebs ghosts arise ;
From creaking boughs a spirit cries,
And fills the night with moans and sighs.

When I my way in darkness grope
Without the cheering light of hope,
Then Faith benign, be thou my guide ;
Grim fear can ne'er thy presence bide.

With thee to guide, I ne'er shall dread
The net which Hate and Envy spread ;
O'er waters dark or mountains gray
Thou, Faith, wilt safely lead the way.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

WHEN Autumn comes, the loveliest queen,
In crimson and gold and purple sheen,
She changes all, how, none ever knows,
On hill, in vale, wherever she goes.
She paints the hillsides in colors gay
And scatters nuts for the squirrels gay.
The noisy jay makes a lively din
A-telling all that acorns are in.
And bursting with wine are purple grapes
That never the schoolboy's eye escapes.
In hedges and lanes red berries glow,
And latest blossoms of creepers blow.
In meadow and orchard children play
And seek the dandelion gay.
In frolic, shatter his feathery crown,
And merrily chase the silken down.
The silver rim of the harvest moon
Now lengthens the day that ends too soon
For busy reapers that bind the sheaves,
And stack them under the shelt'ring eaves.
Now ripe and mellow among the corn
Are pumpkins yellow that none may scorn

And hanging ripe near the garden wall
Are juicy peaches, the best of all.
Sweet Autumn provides for man and beast
And empties her store that all may feast.
O, who loves not the fall of the year,
A season so bright, and full of cheer !

REASON.

REASON, blest seasoner of all
Our sorrow and our joy !
He, who its voice obeys, escapes
A thousand griefs and ills.
Within its bounds voluptuous Pleasure
Treads in measured pace,
And learns that sweetest joys are found
In moderation's grace.

A REQUIEM.

THROUGH glade and glen a spirit's sighing ;
It softly whispers summer's dying.
And Autumn soon her bier will strew
With loveliest flowers that beauteous grew.

The stream in measured sweetness singing,
Doth melt the soul, fond memories bringing
Of friends laid low in youthful prime,
We'll meet no more till passing time
Shall end, and Heaven's fairer morn
Restores our treasures from us torn.

And now from orient chambers gleaming
The golden light on earth lies beaming.
So calm the fathomless ether blue,
Its peace my passions all subdue.
To Him above, my heart doth raise
A grateful song of love and praise.

A SONG AT EVEN.

O, SING a song at even,
When dies the day in purpling glow,
To soothe a soul care-driven
For me a song sing soft and low.

Its love-tones gently stealing
Bring back to me the "Long Ago"
With all the blissful feeling
That only such bright hours know.

No sweeter rest is given
Than brings soft music's sweet refrain,
'Tis sweetness born of heaven
To soothe the weariness of pain.

If lover's heart e'er saddens
Then Music wakes the sweetest voice,
Sweet, silver music gladdens,
And bids the spirit sad, rejoice.

CONCESSION.

HE who to vice concedes within,
May surely live a life of sin.
Indulged, some crime he may commit,
His neck will break in spite of wit.

How oft doth man a crime commit,
That in his mind revolved till it,
His thought, a part of self in fact,
Developed to a sinful act.

What murderous thought had pictured out,
We often see in drunken bout.
A poor excuse some comfort lends
To him who righteous law offends.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

O, I am called Forget-me-not,
I ope my glad blue eye
To catch the light a-shimmering down
From morning's cloudless sky.

I envy not the queenly rose
Though lovelier far than I,
I'm culled when friends or lovers part
"Forget-me-not," they sigh.

As I am placed in some fair hand
Affection's token sweet,
Love's messenger 'tis mine to be
And that is life complete.

LITTLE SCOTT.

SON OF REV. Z. B. GRAVES.

WHEN earth was gay with sweet spring flowers,
And birds caroled in leafy bowers
Then came dear Scott, our darling boy,
To fill our home with light and joy.

We watched with love and tenderest care
Our little boy so very fair,
As months sped on, his little arts
Completely won our loving hearts.

With blinding tears I now recall
His dear, sweet words that used to fall,
So softly on my list'ning ear ;
Their accents now I seem to hear.

His little form I now can see
When on a promenade we'd be,
As oft we met some lady fair,
His head he'd raise with gallant air.

Tho' hearts his sprightly manners wooed,
I loved him most in serious mood.
The story told of Jesus' love
His tender heart would always move.

How oft 'twould my devotion raise
To listen to his songs of praise ;
How oft my faith was firmer made
When lowly bowed, he reverent prayed.

Sweet monitor he was to me,
The truth that in the Word I see,
"The mouth of babes perfect Thy praise."
He verified in wondrous ways.

On many calm, sweet Sabbath eves,
When day's declining glory leaves
Fantastic shapes in crimson dye,
As none can paint a western sky.

Impressed he'd leave the shady bower,
And consecrate to God the hour ;
No picture could be drawn more fair
Than this sweet child at evening prayer.

He finds mamma, while nurse he leads
To get the Bible which he reads
In his own sweet and childish way
Then kneels with solemn mien to pray.

Tho' his short life seemed just begun,
He'd live so well, his duty done ;
He'd served the end for which he came,
To glorify the Master's name.

DEATH OF LITTLE MARION,

YOUNGEST AND ONLY SON OF REV. Z. B. GRAVES.

DEAR little Marion now is free
From earthly pain or sorrow,
No cloud or shadow can there be
On all his glad to-morrow.

His nights of anguish now are o'er
The days of pain so dreary,
He's safely reached the golden shore
Where none are sick or weary.

We would not call thee back again
Where hearts with care are broken ;
Where every pleasure has a pain,
And leaves some better token.

We have a hope when life is o'er,
In heaven, love, to meet you,
O, sweet it is to know once more
With all the loved we'll greet you.

Dear little Marion, fare-thee-well,
Thy angel brother waits thee ;
In heaven together now ye'll dwell,
Immortal happy mates ye.

SEEK ME EARLY.

DEAR little child, 'tis God who speaks,
And says to him who early seeks,
Me thou shalt find, thy voice I'll hear,
Thy way I'll keep, no evil fear.

The gentle Saviour bids thee come,
For such, in Heaven he has a home,
While on the earth he took and blest,
And laid them in his arms to rest.

Go early then and seek His face,
Obtain the blessing of His grace ;
From Satan he will keep you free,
No good will he withhold from thee.

THE SAVAGE MAN.

I KNOW a savage little man
(Now children guess him if you can)
Who often spoils the finest day
That ever comes in June or May.

He roughly tears the silken curls
Of many little boys and girls,
The sweetest face he hides with scowls,
And round the house he gruffly growls.

At breakfast oft he sits with you,
And spoils the toast or dainty stew ;
Or sometimes drives you from your seat
And not a mouthful let you eat.

Your little toys he spiteful breaks,
Your pretty marbles rudely takes,
And throws them all so far away
They're never found tho' search you may.

E'en when your little prayer is said,
And you are in your cozy bed,
He'll linger round and madly weep,
And not a wink will let you sleep.

That you may ever shun the same,
I'll plainly tell his ugly name.
He always comes with frown and whimper,
And people call him " Evil Temper."

EXAMINATION DAY.

I PASSED a public school one day,
Within I heard a teacher say :
“These questions fill me with dismay.”
The other teachers with a sigh,
In sympathetic tones reply,
“They are enough to craze our brain,
The state’s at fault ’tis very plain.
The history questions are unfair ;
Geography, too, I declare !
Examination I’ll not stand
While such a board is in the land.”
And then one chimed, “If we should fail
’Tis no disgrace—so few prevail.”
I saw my friends, both girls and boys,
Were all astir—But what annoys ?
’Tis here a group and there a group,
In serious colloquy they stoop.
I met one going in hot haste
As if he had no time to waste,
It was examination day
That caused this worry and dismay.
Anon, the school-bell rang the hour
To test their knowledge, skill and power.
The superintendent entered grave,
With consequential air he gave
His mandate stern, “No help you’ll have,
For work—one day—no more suppose.”
The teachers sat in goodly rows—

Some calm, some pale, and some morose
While some, smirking, seemed verbose,
Now at their task they all begin,
Convinced that ignorance is a sin.
The room had grown exceeding still,
And all were working with a will,
When came a gray-haired pedagogue
Who proudly swelled his catalogue
From all the country's hopeful youth
Who shared his honest love of truth.
He had a reputation sure,
That any ordeal would endure.
With quiet step and modest glance
To superintendent makes advance.
The questions, now, he asks to see,
Desires to know just what may be,
Examination and its fee.
'Tis plain, now, judging from his looks
Those questions are not in his books.
He drops the list without a word.
Since then from him they ne'er have heard.
Quite stunned by things so strange and new
He left them all without adieu.
For them it is a growing game,
Excitement high, some almost lame,
From writing tedious manuscript,
And some in their impatience tript,
Spilling ink, unhappy Misses,
On their sashes and their dresses.
Worse luck, one stuck his pen awry,
And straight it went into his eye.
So he was forced to leave the ranks ;
If sight is spared, will give his thanks.

In the midst of these distresses,
Time so precious, sorely presses.
At last the weary day is o'er,
The superintendent takes the floor,
And tells them then with patience wait,
Until next week to know their fate.
Their tired brain no respite knows ;
Their dreams are all of verse or prose ;
And cruel, too, the pain intense
They suffer from the long suspense.

THE SLAVE OF GOLD.

WORK ! Work ! Work !
His labors never cease
Till hand and brain are weak,
And still his toils increase.
The slave of gold must work ;
No respite now must take.

Work ! Work ! Work !
He hears the same refrain
If but a season out
To rest the tired brain.
The slave of gold must work
Though heart and head may ache.

Work ! Work ! Work !
He hears his pulses beat.
Intrigues must never cease
Till selfish wishes meet.
Then rest thee, slave, from work—
From dreams of gold awake.

THE FOULEST FOE.

HALF praise is only scandal's food
The best on which it thrives—
All spiced with flaws, who sees the good
That malice ill deprives?

An enemy in guise of friend,
Of all, is foulest foe ;
He doth the steps in secret tend
To deal a fatal blow.

TEASE NOT YOUR MUSE.

IF thoughts you'd have, of richer vein,
Tease not your muse; you'll nothing gain.
She comes at unexpected hours,
And brings rare fruits as well as flowers.

MY PEGASUS.

TO Pegasus I gave the rein
And swift we passed o'er hill and plain
Across the foam we took our flight,
And settled on Benevis height.
There Scottish scenes that Burns has sung,
The peaceful peasantry among,
Brought fresh to mind the "Cotter's Home,"
Where "neighbors' elder bairns" would come
To chat the while with youngsters gay
Or sweet respects to Jenny pay.
And thou, Killarney, praised in song,
My raptured view, thy beauties throng—
Thy bard, O Erin, the Shamrock sung,
And Summer's Last Rose, in sweetest tongue ;
Redounds to thy undying fame,
Where'er is heard thy poet's name.
Pale shines the light on cloistered aisles
As vespers now the hour beguiles.
Proud London's turrets gloomy rise,
And Minster's Abbey greets our eyes.
What visions now recross my brain
Of that illustrious buried train.
Those shadowed walls with locks enfold
Relics sacred for story told.
And now to Stratford-on-Avon,
No honors more on thee, lay on ;
Thou hast the only Shakespeare give,
And in his name thou'lt ever live.

Now far across the Northern Sea,
My Pegasus, ah, wretched me !
Began to droop in Lapland drear,
Where naught was found to give us cheer.
I saw the Lapps' poor wretched home ;
His flocks of deer that idly roam
And patient cull their scanty store.
O'er Asia's land I flew apace
Where mosque and chapel cities grace.
Each rock and vale some story told
Of chieftain bold or hermit old.
Jerusalem I eager sought,
Where Christian bold and Moslem fought
For victory, Cross and Crescent vied ;
Each for his cause had bled and died.
Low-bowed before Mohammed's tomb,
Were trembling age and youthful bloom.
Their fruitless faith false hope inspired,
Mistaken zeal their bosoms fired.
O'er Araby's plains I sped away,
Though I would fain prolong my stay.
Now Egypt, land of mystic lore,
With keen delight I did explore.
Here rose the world's stupendous wonder,
The pyramids. I stood to ponder
The foolish pride and pomp of kings
Who wrought these great and wondrous things.
Here with their virtues and their faults,
They rest in these colossal vaults.
Perhaps these huge and ponderous stones
That cover their illustrious bones,
Were laid and placed by Israel's sons.
While laboring these oppresséd ones

Enriched the coffers of the state.
The Isle of Greece I traveled o'er.
Its legends, myths, of endless store
Repaid my toil and trouble sore.
Cloud-capped Olympus proudly stood
Among the vales of sacred wood.
Lest Pegasus should from me roam,
In genial airs should find a home,
I flew to other sea-girt isles
Where never-ending summer smiles.
O'er barren strand or fertile vale
My Pegasus ne'er did me fail.

MOTHER.

A SAINTED mother, from the skies,
Looks down on me with loving eyes.
O blessed thought ! that one so dear,
Should see and dry a falling tear ;
That she a guardian angel sent,
My feet from dangers doth prevent ;
That she is waiting, watching there
To greet me in that land so fair.

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